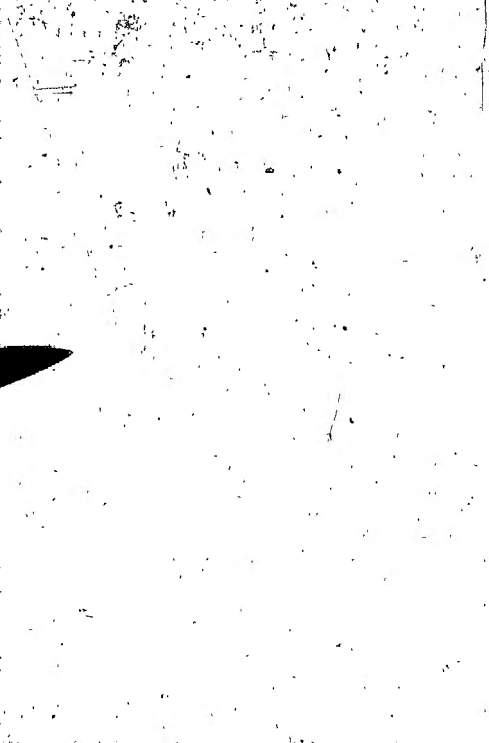
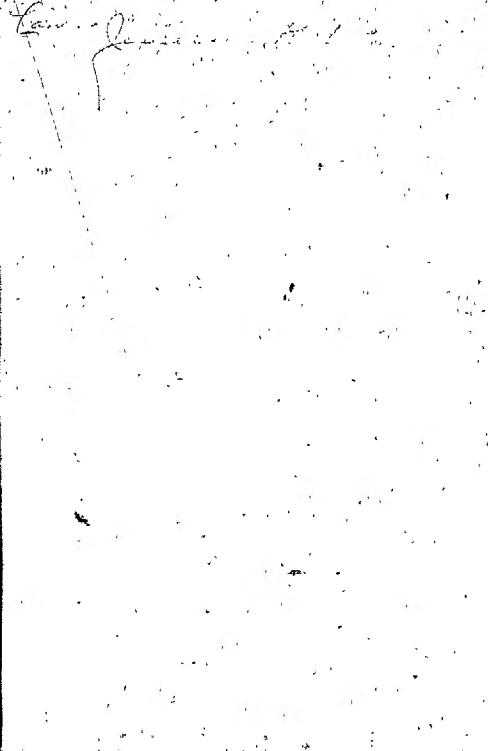


SASKATCHEWAN VERSE

BY

ROBERT JEFFERSON





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Printed by The Battleford Press, and
Published by the Author.
Price \$1.50.

TO MY DEAR WIFE

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SASKATCHEWAN VERSE.



A



The Sunset Land.

In the sunset land—
On the rolling plain,
From Manitoba,
With her fields of grain;
From the tree-clad hills,
From the rocks and rills,
Of Superior;—
That land of Lakes,
Where the wild-fowl throng,
And mate and brood,
The fens and brakes,
And ponds among.
That land of wood,
Where the Indian still,
Roams unconstrained
By the white-man's will.
With rod and gun,
And inborn skill,
His food is gained,
And his wants supplied,
From the streams that run,
And the forests wide.

The Sunset Land.

In the sunset land—
To the hazy West,
Where the foot-hills stand,
The flanking force
Of the mountains grand,
Whose heights arise.
A barrier strong,
To the ruthless hand,
To the prying eyes,
That to Man belong
And his restless feet
Are checked where Plain
And Mountain meet.
Region of Awe!
Where the Winds are made—
Where the clouds are stayed,
And depart no more.
The wild wolf's lair,
And the Grizzley's home,
Where the Cinnamon bear,
And the Mountain goat
And Elk and Deer,
And Antelope roam;
While the Eagle's cry,
So shrill and clear,
Is heard as they float,
And from vantage high,
Keep sentinel eye
O'er the Sunset Land.

The Sunset Land.

Oh! That Sunset Land!

So great and free,
And uncontrolled
As the open Sea;
Varied and vast,
With hill and plain,
With stony waste,
Then hill again;
The hills to guide,
From far descried;
With valleys deep,
That verdant keep,
While above and near,
On the Prairie wide,
Yellow and sere,
The grass is dried.

Ridge after ridge,
Gravel and stone,
With wind-swept edge,
Weary and lone:—
Barren and bare,
Mute as despair:—
Wave upon wave
Of billowy ground,
Desolate sameness,
Waterless, gameless,
Still as the grave,
No life is found.

The Sunset Land.

Mile upon mile,
An endless scope
Of virgin soil,
In grassy slope;
Or, Prairie rich
And flower be-decked;
Or, mournful stretch
Wide as the sky,
Desert and dry,
And boulder-flecked.

See the plateau
Rise from the plain,
Wide is its spread,
Lifting its head
High in the air,
Breezy and fair,
Catching the rain.
Catching the snow.
That cools the Earth,
And issues forth
From many a cleft
In many a rift,
Where shrubs may cling,
Where grass may grow,
And things are green;
Where birds may sing,
And young ones rear,
While everything
Shows God is near.

The North.

Rough is the Northern wind,
Boisterously inclined,
Careless, but not unkind,
Simply unfeeling.

Sharp is the Northern air,
Breathing a freshness rare,
Bracing beyond compare,
Bracing and healing.

Bright is the Northern sky,
Gloom and despondency
Cloudlike, must quickly fly
Off into space.

Wild is the Northern land,
Still with the impress grand
Of the Creator's hand
Stamped on its face.

Hardy the Northern race,
Stern as his dwelling place,
History's fingers trace
Marks of his worth;
Cradled in storms is he,
Reared in adversity,
Championing Liberty
Throughout the earth.

The Wilderness.

Oh! for a whiff of the wilderness air,
With a whistling wind o'erhead,
 All freshness and grace,
 Out of infinite space,
It would quicken the lungs of the dead.

Oh! for a sigh of the desolate Wild,
Of nothing but Earth and Sky.
 Where the distance immense
 Impresses the sense,
With the presence of Awe and Mystery.

Oh. for the sounds of the Wilderness mute
Soft calling on every hand,
 Though their voices are weak,
 Yet the Solitudes speak
In the tongues that I understand.

To The River.

I salute thee, Gentle River,
E'er I vanish round the bend,
And pass out of sight for ever,
Let me introduce a Friend.

Many, many pleasant hours
Have I wandered by thy side,
I have picnicked in thy bowers,
I have floated on thy tide.

I have marked the morning growing,
From thy valley's beetling rim,
I have seen the Evening's glowing,
Fade away to twilight dim.

Thou hast caught my footsteps straying,
In the heated hours of noon,
I have watched thy waters playing,
With the shadow of the noon.

I have sought thy ministrations,
During Summer's torrid glow,
I've maintained our strained relations,
Through the Winter's horrid snow.

To the River.

I have sought, through Spring's great
greening,
In thy deep and winding vale,
I have caught Life's subtle meaning,
In the chorus of the tale.

Ever did thy magic flood me,
Whelm my spirit with its charm,
For thy Wisdom understood me,
And thy atmosphere brought calm.

Ever thou hast counsel ready,
Be the crisis what it may,
All thy ripples whisper "Steady".
"This also must pass away".

And, whenever, and however,
I have doubted Life's Great End,
I have found in thee, O. River,
My most faithful, charming Friend.

Bird's Eye

He who will stand, as I have stood,
 On Battle's wooded height,
May view, in conemplative mood,
 An interesting sight;
His vantaged gaze, with distance plays,
And, passes on, or slowly stays,
 Admiring on the scene;
Where'er he please, whate'er he sees,
He roams with unimpeded ease,
Tho' hill, or stream, or plain or trees,
 Should haply intervene.

He sees the gleam of Battle's stream
 Winding about below;
With devious course, from side to side,
Its ever-changing waters glide,
 Uncertainly, and slow.
Now blue, reflecting back the sky,
Or green, where towering cliffs near by;
 Their shadows darkly throw;
And drifting clouds across its face,
By black or grey the eye may trace,
 That passes as they go.

Bird's Eye.

And, mounting up the rugged height,
And o'er the rising plain,
The rapid flight, of wandering sight,
Is halted once again:—
In scattered clusters here and there,
Behold the little town,
So gaily dressed, it looks its best,
In white and red and brown;
As yet, demure with rustic charm,
Nor needs that distance lend a charm
Its consequence to crown.

Beyond the fickle River lies,
Imposing still, tho' low,
With lake-like spread, its ample bed
Affords it room to grow;
And labyrinthine bars of sand
Those waters scant divide,
Anon, that pour with rush and roar,
And fill the valley wide;
That trickle gently down the land,
Or, tear with turbid tide.

And, far away, to East and North,
The park-like prairie stretches forth,
Varied in many ways;
And, farther North, and farther East,
Still Nature furnishes a feast
That fills the hungry gaze;
And farther still, till plain and hill,
Melt in the Autumn haze.

The Storm.

A vast expanse of level snow—
A distant horizon below,
 An atmosphere of calm;
A steel-grey sky, no cloud on high,
Nothing above, below, around,
No startling sight, no warning sound,
 To cause the least alarm;
Nothing in any shape or form,
Gives presage of a coming storm.

When evening is drawing near,
Small clouds of purpl'ish black appear,
 And range themselves in line;
A perfect screen, to intervene,
 And hide the Sun's decline;
And, also, for the watchful eye,
A danger-signal hung on high;
 Anon, the murmur of a rushing sound,
Distant at first, is soon heard all around.

The Storm.

The wintry Sun has fallen low,
And sets the Wintry sky aglow,
 With amber-colored light;
His parting rays, a yellow haze,
 E'er vanishing from sight,
And all the circumambient air,
Is lit up with a transient glare,
 Glittering, yet gray and cold;
A dazzling streak, both bright and bleak,
 And slightly tinged with gold;
Irradiated by this lifeless beam,
The air and snow and sky together gleam.

As yet the air has hardly stirred,
But still the murmuring sound is heard
 And louder than before,
Like leaves of trees, stirred by the breeze.
It now becomes a roar;
The cloudy bank, increased in size,
Closer and larger seems to rise,
 Dispersing more and more;
Until, athwart the darkening space,
The sombre-hued battalions race,
Chasing and hustling the gray twilight,
Now deepening, thickening, darkening into
 night.

The Storm.

And now descends a mighty gust,
That lifts the powdery snow like dust,
 And holds it there suspended,
A second blast, just like the last,
 With like results attended,
And quickly following in their course,
The hurricane in all its force.
Friends of the Air, let loose with shriek and
 wail.

On rushing wings twist Earth and Heaven to
 sail.

And as they fly, in passing by,
 With biting wearing swirl,
And downward swoop, the snow they scoop,
 And onward quickly whirl;
In wild desport as they pursue their way,
Pelting each other with the frozen spray.

Where the snow is soft it is whirled aloft,
And hurled along, by the tempest strong,
 Without the least respite,
A good sand-blast to wear down fast,
 The drift packed hard and tight;
To grind to dust the crystal crust,
 And carry it off in despite,
To be rapidly blown to a place unknown,
 In the dark and silent night.

A Prophecy

The clouds hang black in the East to-night,
And the Wind is moaning low;
The Sun in distemper has ceased to light,
The World with his baleful glow;
Yellow and red was his vestment shed,
A pea-green sky was his gorgeous bed
As he sank to rest below;
So if I read signs in the sky aright,
And were not a trifle shy, I might
Foreshadow an awful blow.

The Snow Storm

The stars are shining bright at dawn,
To usher in the coming morn,
And, twinkling, fade out one by one,
Extinguished by the rising Sun;
The sky is cold and gray and clear,
When night begins to disappear,
A rosy flush succeeds the gray,
When night has given place to day;

The dawn that found so clear a sky,
Left it to Day with clouds on high;
That moved without a breath of wind,
But told the breeze that came behind;
A flash of flame the zenith caught,
A flood of light enchantment wrought,
For Twilight frowning, westward turned,
And day in bright effulgence burned.

Behold the Sun!—A blazing mass,
Moving athwart a sky of brass;
Awhile he moved, and upwards rode,
And clouds and earth with crimson glowed;
Awhile, and clouds have veiled its face,
Then black and gray the red displace;
A frowning sky that lately smiled,
Leaden, and lowering and wild.

The Snow Storm.

The zephyr, to a breeze now grown,
Sped through the air with longdrawn moan,
In strength increasing more and more,
With vigor drawn from Labrador,
Sweeping the land from East to West,
The frozen mist upon its breast;
The sudden gusts were damp and bleak,
That smote the unprotected cheek,—
The sting that vapor cold might wield,
But yet of vapor uncongealed;—
Expectant now the gaze, and Lo!
The first fine, fleecy flake of snow;
Another flake comes driving past,
All solitary on the blast.
At intervals, and one by one,
Desultory flakes come straggling on;
Slowly at first, now here, now there,
Now near, now far, they fleck the air,
And ever in increasing force,
They steadily pursue their course;
Faster, and faster still they move,—
Evolved from vaporous mists above—
Unordered specks of whitish-gray,
A wild, tumultuous array;
No eye can pierce the drifting veil,
That breaks the fury of the gale,
Obstructs the sight, and deadens sound,
And shrouds with white the frozen ground;
A last sad grace by Nature spread,
To hide the face of Summer, dead.

Terra Borealis

Prate not to me of Southern climes,
Where men need work no more
Of lots to eat and easy times,
On ~~some more~~ favored shore,
Where dates and figs and grapes and limes
Grow at your cottage door,
For pleasing though the picture be,
The North, the sturdy North for me.

Tell me no tales of Summer skies.
Such fragrant, balmy air,
That men can go in some light guise,
As Adam used to wear;
Perhaps to save himself from flies,
He clothes himself for otherwise,
He might as well go bare;
He wears fig-leaves, or all he lacks,
Winter or summer is cotton sacks,
The climate is so fair;
Yet tho' the tale be told alluringly,
The North, the hardy North for me.

Terra Borealis.

Sing me no songs of life serene,
 In some far tropic land,
Amid whose glades of evergreen
The stately palm trees stand;
While clear lagoons reflect the scene,
 And lave the yellow sand;
Where smiling summer reigns alone,
And frosts and blizzards are unknown;
Tho' dreams like this sound prettily,
The North, the hardy North for me.

The fickle North to me is dear,
 Tho' its tints are not so gay
Tho' it smiles and frowns with the changing
 year,
 In a most inconstant way;
With Autumn sere and Winter drear,
And Spring so fresh with the new-born year
 A varying display;
The Seasons, as they onward roll
With changing hues bedeck the whole;
So, tho' the Winter winds rage furiously
The North, the hardy North for me.

Terra Borealis.

What tho' the Northern air be keen,
 If it be clear and bright,
What if the Northern Sun be low,
The pale, magnatic streamers glow,
 Through the long Winter's night;
What tho' the green, in Summer seem,
 In winter turns to white;
The winds that blow, the frost and snow
 Are the hardy North's delight;
So, tho' the Winter winds rage furiously
The North, the hardy North for me.

What tho' the land be bleak and bare,
 As any country could;
Tho' soil and climate both declare,
 Dame Nature's sternest mood;
That stubborn soil with stubborn toil
 Will raise a hardy brood;
For Life, through Labor-Heaven ordained—
Through long experience, hardly gained
 By the North is understood;
So, tho' the Winter winds rage furiously,
The North, the hardy North for me.

Now - Which?

I often think, (while it is here)
Spring is the fairest time of year;
The grateful raise of Winter's chill,
The lengthening days—the noisy rill—
The Crow, proclaiming Winter's end—
Even the Gopher seems a friend;
The Geese their northward way pursue—
The ducks are here, the larks are due—
The earthly smell, the Summer birds,
Then the mosquito in its herds—
With soft south wind and smoky air,
Yes! Spring is kind and Spring is fair.

Not that the Summer is without
Its beauties to enthuse about;
What of the store of languorous hours
At the sea-shore—in vine-clad bowers?
By limpid streams, that gently purl?
The Summer skies?—the Summer girl?
What of the jaunts where fancy strays?
The walks on seldom-trodden ways?
The cooling breeze?—the myriad flowers?
With these delights and some to spare,
Who can say Summer is not fair?

Now - Which ?

And Autumn, in her golden dress,
In glory throned, and fruitfulness,
Her thousand beauties who can tell?
Or—who resist her wondrous spell?
Those blending shades are all her own,
Of green and yellow, red and brown;
The tempered blaze to warm and cheer,
The mellow hazy atmosphere,
The fruits and grains, and ways serene,
With all their tongues call Autumn "Queen".
And charms so great should all suffice,
Or, desolate is Paradise!

But, Hark! The wind makes mournful sound
The leaves fall fluttering to the ground,
Then, with a cold and blustering breath,
The World is told of Autumn's death.
The cloudy crests hang dense and low,
Till Nature rests beneath the Snow.
And, this is Winter—much maligned—
So rough, and changeable, yet kind;
The Season gay with cutter rides.
With bobsleighs on toboggan slides,
With dances here and parties there,
Of bounteous cheer and Maidens fair,
Their luscious lips!! and flashing eyes!
With snow-shoe trips, and moonlit skies,
With hockey, skating and the rest,
One almost loves the Winter best.

To Canada

Child of the North! Hopeful and Young,
Issuing forth, into the throng;
Last among Nations launched into life,—
Whirl of temptations, pregnant with strife—
 No pedigree, nor history
 To arm thee for the fray,—
Let Freedom light her beacon bright,
To guide thee on thy way.

Continent wide; flanked by the Seas—
Plenty thy pride.—Health in thy breeze,
No glittering tale of wealth to flaunt,
No Sin to wail, nor squalid Want
 By Youth to high endeavor urged,
 Relieving every need;
From sordid aims by Wisdom purged,
That Labor might be freed.

The River

When the high June sun is burning,
And the sky to lead is turning,
Then my heart sets up a yearning,
 For some quiet, cool retreat;
And my thoughts turn to the River,
Where the bordering aspens quiver,
And I glimpse the Great Forever,
 In imagination sweet.

So, I leave the world behind me,
Go where trouble cannot find me.
 Or its coldness and deceit;
In the shadow of the bushes,
Where the rose in secret blushes,
And the swollen river rushes
 Past, I find a quiet seat.

Then unto the water turning,
I observe its restless churning,
Its great lesson slowly learning,
 As it ripples at my feet.
For its voices come to cheer me,
And its spirit does not fear me,
For the Great Unknown seems near me,
 And my destiny complete.

SERIOUS.

I Have a Friend.

I have a friend whose comforts never fail me,
One, whose unselfish truth I cannot doubt,
Always at hand when mental ills assail me,
And, whose assistance puts them all to rout.
So, when the Powers of Darkness close
 around me,
With every torturing combination ripe,
Vain are their shafts, their arrows cannot
 wound me,
Protected by the magic of my pipe.

Oh, Memory !

Life's varied day is drawing to its close,
The racing hours to eventide descend,
The barren present little cheer bestows,
The bounded future ever darker grows;
The stirring Past is Age's only friend.
And Memory, in discriminating flight,
Roams down the shady paths of Long Ago,
Past byeways, shadowed by the coming night
To linger on those scenes that still gleam
 bright,
And revel in the reminiscent glow.

"Enduring all Things."

Of Joy beware—It is a snare;
Better by far a chastening;
Your time for grief must needs be brief,
Onward we must be hastening.
Let no great Love your spirit move,
Nor yet give way to sorrow;
Make wrath disarm; bid Fear be calm;
All will be gone tomorrow.
Your Pride must bend; Envy must end;
Hold to Self-abnegation;
Heed no vain call, the World and all,
Must fade in contemplation.
Strengthen your will; keep your heart still;
Distrust the constant scheming;
Your struggles cease, in perfect peace;
Eternity lies gleaming.

Take Heed

Take heed to all you do and say,
And try to think ahead;
You may repent, and you may pray,
But that wont wipe an act away,
Or unsay what is said:

To-day, is made, for good or ill,
To-morrow is unfinished still,
And ours is to decide,
Since Fate is moulded in the Past,
Such shadow on the World to cast
As shall the Future guide.

How Much?

Youth at the treshold of Life is caught
And sundry advantages given
Lore for which Ages have painfully wrought,
To pave the rough pathway to Heaven
Of this sum total we have freely had;
To this sum total, how much shall we add?

Be Calm, Oh Soul !

Be calm, O Soul ! Let it not cause 'disquiet,
That thou hast not, while meaner natures riot ;
That Care and Want have brought thee to dis-
tress,

While half the world may waste in wanton-
ness,

Dwell not with envy on the other's lot,
Reflect on what thou hast, that he has not,
Break free thy mind from all distempered
bent,

And seek the settled Peace that brings con-
tent ;

That Talisman that makes the eye to see,
And tunes the spirit for Eternity.

Love.

Love knows no Law, she would not disobey,
No path so fearful that she dare not tread,
No way so long and lone, her feet might stray,
Heedless of Pleasure's will, nor stayed by
Dread;

Straight on her course, regardless of the cost,
Awed by no foe, respecting not a friend,
On, through the shadows where the path is
lost,

Love sees—knows nothing but the shining end,

Love, like Eternity, transcends the mind,
A heaven of the Gods to raise mankind;
Plain to the simple, hidden from the wise,
Vain for philosophy to analyse;
Hers, but to strive and always pay the price—
Love is synonymous with Sacrifice.

Love and Labor

Love's snares along each path are set,
We blunder on in spite of warning;
Walk right into her clumsy net,
All sane considerations scorning,
Her spells cause memories to forget,
Her promise is Elysium dawning;
When Love flies she leaves regret,
For Labor wakes us in the morn'g.
Alas! Love leaves a train of cares,
And Labor has no need of snares;
He leads the Word around in chains,
While Love makes feast of the remains.

Does the Heart grow Cold?

Does the heart grow cold
As the blood gets thin?
When the frame is old,
And the signs begin
Of a birthright sold,
When the years unfold
But a World of Sin:—
~~Does the heart grow cold?~~

With the mind's-eye clear,
As the shadows fall,
When the night draws near
And the voices call;
Small things seem dear,
And great things small,
For the past is drear
And the Future all.
With the mind's-eye clear,
And the veil unrolled,
Does the prospect cheer?—
~~Does the heart grow cold?~~



The inevitable Law

Who calls it chance that set the round worlds
sailing?

Who fears their leaving their appointed ways?

Who could suspect the One Great Law of
failing?

Or, would escape, where all the world obeys?

Who sows, and never reckons of the reaping?

Who hopes for shelter from avenging Laws?

Who tries to hide, while consequence is sleep-
ing?

Forgetting that Effect must follow Cause.

One Law for all, Unfailing, Just, Unswerving;

To keep us in the Path that we should tread;

One only hope in life—to be deserving;

The lure of Selfishness, our only dread.

To conquer Self; to practise Meditation;

To light the Road for those that come behind;

Proclaim the Law, the Path, the Consumma-
tion;

And hasten on the reign of Soul and Mind.

Need it Be ?

Yes! We must part,
But need it be forever?
My faithful Heart
Insurgent makes reply—
"There is a bound
To limit Death's endeavour;
That, Love has found,
And Death must pass it by."

Is Death the Goal?
And must it be the end?—
My prideful soul,
Here rises to defend—
"Am I a clod,
To mix with other earth?
I trust in God;
To me, Death is but Birth."

Why ?

Our heritage here is Sorrow and Death,
The Cross we assume with our first pulling
breath.

And, journeying on down Life's tortuous way,
We find none so lucky, but they must obey;
Again, from experience, surely we learn
The way to greet Fate when it comes to our
turn;

Yet, Do we meet Sorrow with confident eyes?
No! Always it comes as a great surprise;
And, Death, Does it find us prepared to go?
Or, Would we be ready, if spared? Ah, No!

Poundmaker's Lament.

Oh God! to whom our fathers turned,
For counsel and for aid,
Now that our lesson has been learned,
Cannot our peace be made?

Can humbleness Thy wrath appease?
Can mourning reach Thine ears?
Behold! I cry from bended knees,
In penance and in tears.

May desolation not atone?
And want, disease and shame?
In abject penitence we groan,
And call upon thy name.

Our hopes were bright, our hearts were light,
The time when I was young,
E'er we heard the tales of the white man's
might,
From the white man's wily tongue.

Poundmaker's Lament.

They told us that the winds and waves,
The lightning's deadly thrill,
Were harnessed as the white man's slaves
Obedient to his will.

They said the mercf that had fed,
Would soon cease to provide;
The Hand that always safely led,
Was feeble now to guide.

They talked of mercy—we were strong—
Of peace—for they were few!
With every virtue on their tongue,
How false, we little knew.

We heard and left our father's God,
By promises betrayed,
Each promise proved a chastening rod,
For God's great purpose made.

They came, and o'er the land they spread,
Like locusts on a wind,
The teeming life before them fled,
Leaving the wolf behind.

Poundmaker's Lament.

How can the Lord be reconciled
To sacrilegious feet,
Forcing his temple in the wild,
Where earth and heaven meet.

That, when the Spirit condescends,
To walk the earth with man,
The reck from mean, material ends,
Pushes Him back again.

The Indian thus must walk alone,
In his appointed path,
Meeting his fate without a moan,
His head bowed to the wrath.

On, ever on, his pace is set,
His road is not his own,
On to the end unseen as yet,
That joins the Great Unknown.

Not There!

Not in the crowded churchyard gloom,
Nor in the vaulted crypt nearby,
Not in the walled and confined tomb,
Ever contented could I lie
But take me up on some lone steep,
Where, safely, till the crack of doom,
My lonely vigil I could keep,
In privacy, with elbow-room.
The summer grass above would wave,
The summer winds around would sigh,
And I would rest, not in a grave,
But in a principality.
And the thunder's crash would wake my soul,
The lightning's flash would catch my eye,
The Storm King's blast, in rushing past,
Would be the sweetest lullaby.

The Problem

We hear thy call, Mother Earth, and obey,
The Law of Change in all things we discern,
From thee we came, are nourished, day by day
And in due course to thee we must return.

But, when we seek to analyse the breath,
To trace the spark that vivifies the clod,
To pierce the mystery of Life and Death,
We find our reason face to face with God.

Grey Eyes

Cool and calm grey eyes,
So watchful, brave and wise,
Cool and calm enough to wait,
Watchful, to anticipate,
Brave, to meet oncoming Fate,
Then wise.

Smile, Love

Smile, Love, and chide not; Summer flies,
And Summer flowers bide not
To meet the frown of lowering skies,
So, make it Summer with thine eyes,
Smile, ever, Love and chide not.

You and I

We have a world of our own, Dear!
You and I;
Smaller our circle has grown, Dear!
Stronger the tie;
Little by little our lives have entwined,
Day after day finds us more of one mind,
Year after year as it leaves us behind,
Will fit us to travel alone, Dear!
Till we die;
Till we pass to the world unknown, Dear!
Bye and bye!

My Love And I.

Our hands were joined as we strolled along
 My fair sweetheart and I;
Our arms swung time to an idle song,
 For the spirits of Youth are high
Each throbbing stroke of her dear heart spoke
 And my heart made reply;
For we were young and our world was gay,
The Flesh and the Devil were far away.

Our lives were joined at a later day,
 My dear sweetheart and I.
Together set out on the broad highway
 Where graves of dead loves lie;
But we spied the snare of the canker Care,
 And safely passed it by,
For my love is gentle and good and wise,
And, I—I seem to have drawn a prize!

When Chloe Smiles!

When Chloe smiles, 'tis highest Heaven
awaking,

And Earth is flooded with a stream of
light,

The whirling worlds, their age-long paths for-
saking,

Dash forward gaily on their headlong
flight;

The sun-auspicious-glow's his welcome greet-
ing,

The wayward wind with favoring airs be-
guiles,

And Nature's teeming-grace adorns the meet-
ing,

For, Paradise is here, when Chloe smiles.

When Chloe frowns, Life's purposes seem
ended,

The conscious Sun is darkened with
affright;

The planets in their courses stay suspended,

And startled Nature shudders at the
sight;

But, God is great, or dire would be the ending,

No cataclysm the dread occasion crowns,

His mighty arm averts the crash impending,

Or, Judgment Day were here, when Chloe
frowns.

To My Wife

All things are, vain, without thy presence,
Dear!

Earth holds no pleasure if you do not share,

All days are bright, if you are only near,

No place is dull, so long as you are there;

The Sun, no doubt, pursues his daily round,

But takes no further interest in our sphere,

The moon and stars are in their places found,

But show quite plainly they are insincere;

The Summer wind makes melancholy sound,

Even the rain won't wet the thirsty ground,—

For You took every charm away, my Dear!

In Memoriam of William Thompson

Good Bye, Old Chap!—Needs no bombast to
cite,

How thou hast played thy part, and fought
the fight;

How met the ills all mortals have to face,
And borne or breasted them with equal grace;

The honors that time gathered round thy head
Were those of Simple Life, as simply led;

Taking Fate's favors with a modest mien,
No whit despondent at what might have been;

Thy little world's regard—great and sincere—
Love and esteem from friends and those more
near,

All this, there needs no monument to tell,
'Tis written in the hearts that knew thee well;
We meet—and part—None can tell when or
why,—

So, till we meet again, Good Bye! Good Bye!

Why Weep Ye?

Why weep ye? Is your faith so small,
Or, are ye so fainthearted?
What is't that frights you in the call
That came to the departed?—
Not all the tears all mourners ever shed
Can help the living or restore the dead.

Weep not! Do ye not understand?
He is not dead but sleepeth.
He followed but the beckoning hand
The keys of rest that keepeth.
Impatient of the straightness of the way,
The restive Spirit hath but spurned the clay.

The Last Post

Lieut. Colonel Gavin G. Smith

"Good Night", "Good Bye". Hark to the
bugle's call,

Sweetly and slow the tuneful accents fall;
"Good Bye" to him who takes his well earned
rest,

As soldier and as man, among the best.
He sleeps in peace. For him the fight is done,
We who are left must blindly struggle on;
But Memory, ever faithful, ever kind,
A record keeps for comrades left behind;
A record tempered by Time's gentle hand,
Where faults o'ershadowed by the virtues
stand;

A Pioneer, strong-rooted in the place,
A Gentleman, and faithful to his race;
A Sport by blood, a fighting man by breed
He served his country in his country's need;
Through every grade his purpose, still the
same,

Willing and wanting just to play the Game.
For us, the fighting dulls the stricken cry.
For all must struggle, and in struggling die;
Yet,- Cease your struggling now that death is
near,

And for the last departed, drop a tear.
"Halt!" and pay tribute to a Comrade gone,
Then—"Close your ranks"—"Eyes front"
—Push on. Push on.

To the New Year

Greeting

Another Year is dead,
And one more milestone passed,
We cannot see ahead,
Perhaps this is the last.

Why do we rush along?—
The Swift can win no prize:
No Gains reward the Strong:
No Laurels crown the Wise.

Why should we bear a part,
Where Self is made the Goal?—
To live without a Heart,
And die without a Soul.

Be ours to set the pace,
For slower steps behind;
The meaner Souls to brace,
The weaker wills to bind.

Be ours to clear the way,
To brighten up the Road,
Till in the Coming Day,
We bear our charge to God.

The Dying Year

Another fateful year has gone,

To join the lengthening Past,
While we go calmly blundering on,
Each year just like the last.

And now, when self and Conscience meet,
To sum up loss or gain,
We fear to face the balance-sheet.
Yet, dare resolve again.

Weak man has still a chance to strive
To demonstrate his worth,
To prove he has a right to live,
And occupy the Earth.

The contrite mind in sore distress,
The term 'Resolve' invented,
But futile is Resolve, unless
By action supplemented.

Things that are done are done to stay,
Whether for Joy or Sorrow,

What counts, is something done to-day
"Resolve" means but tomorrow.

Arms And The Men

Arms and the men I sing, I sing,
Who went abroad to fight,
Who stood for Country and for King,
Left Home, and Friends, and everything,
Because they thought it right.
But, not of those so very slow,
That would not budge, till forced to go,
Or married in their fright.

The Boys who bore the battle's brunt,
As did their sires of yore,
Who took their places at the front,
And marched through gas and gore.
Those who knelt in muddy trenches,
Those who smelt the bloody stench,
Those who felt the fear that blanches,
Throughout the Great World War.

Arms And The Men.

Then, Hats off to the Soldier boys!
That fought the fight and won,
They're not the kind that make a noise,
Or tell what they have done;
But they walked with hell beside them,
Buoyed by Hope that sorely tried them,
Knew their dangers and defied them,
Till the last solemn gun.

Then, Hats off to the Soldiers brave!
That fought the fight and died.
Those resting in an unknown grave,
Unmarked—unsanctified;
Those sunk beneath the restless wave,
Where peaceful navies ride;
And those who dragged their troubles home
To carry round for years to come,
Ailing, disorganized, and dumb,
Uncared for, or denied.

We sought his aid, when sore afraid,
Nor thought a price to set,
Nor must we now, that fear is laid,
Appraise our solemn debt;
His was the arm that stayed the foe,
And his the blood that had to flow
To buy the freedom that we know.
So, let us not forget!

To Progress

Hail! Progress—Divine Ruler of the Age,
Thy stirring dogmas the whole world engage,
Gods there have been, and still are to this day,
Whose rulings men might, if they would obey,
Their favors could be bought for praise or
price.

Thy worship calls for human sacrifice;
Their fabled punishments involved no stain,
Neglect of thee brings ruin in its train;
In thee the great obsession had its birth,
That conquered Man and spread through all
the earth;

Thine was the hand from which the first
spark came

And thine the breath that fanned it into flame;
Time-honored customs on the blaze are laid,
Till every nation joins the mad crusade.
Vain Man! his pristine stature so outgrown,
Forgets he cannot live by bread alone.

To Progress.

Unthinkingly, lured by some gainful end,
He sees in nature many things to mend,
And sees that only which he would obtain,
For compensation enters not his brain;
He rushes in with unconsidering haste,
Nor heeds the balance on which Law is based,
His heavy hand once on the workings laid,
Each meddling means adjustment to be made;
Still fresh eruptions press upon his view,
And every fault means some expedient new;
Each slowing down, each weakness he must
mend,

Expedient and adjustment to the end;
Though nature starts to mend the broken
chain,

Yet Chaos reigns till all is right again.
And, after all, whither does all this lead?
Is it to strengthen or improve the breed?
And, is it really Progress that is made?
Do we advance, or do we retrograde?
The World were mean if all this struggle
tends

But to convenience and material ends
And Life is lost, if these have counterweight
Against the cost in what is good and great.

To Labor

Great Labor! By the First Commandment
given

To erring Man by an omniscient Heaven,
Not in default, but as an act of grace,
To meet the wayward nature of the race;
Oh, Great Command! pronounced when age
was young.

Thy virtues have too long remained unsung,
But, since they have escaped the poets ken,
And have not prompted some more worthy
pen,

If I can find fit words to sing thy praise,
A sounding Paean to High Heaven I'll raise.

Ordained as part of One Great Unknown Plan,
And strictly laid, for good or ill on Man,
Thy wholesome nature operates for good,
Thy irksome features are misunderstood;
Good, when invoked the flesh to mortify,
Or earn from Nature what she would deny;
To make Age green, to purify the mind,
To keep life clean for those we leave behind;
Sweet Labor! Friend, Preserver of the Poor,
Keeps calm the mind and makes the health
secure;

Fills in long days, gives dreamless sleep at
night,
And furnishes both food and appetite.

To Labor.

Kind Labor! Plodding, honest, dull and free,
Imposed on Man by Heaven's stern degree,
A blessing given to scrape away the dust,
To oil the bearings and keep out the rust.
Great Labor! Useful in the rich man's eye,
The prop by which he keeps his place on high,
The dull machine of which he is the head,
That feeds him living and respects him dead,
Plaything to Youth, and serious to Age,
Nightmare to those whom idle sports engage,
Purging the body from all weakening ills,
Guarding the soul from worldliness that kills,
Finding recruits for ranks that upward strive,
The Nursery that keeps the World alive.
Severe the lines in which thy lot is cast,
But, when all die, Labor will be the last;
'Tis writ in letters Time can ne'er efface—
"Labor, the Cross and Saviour of the Race."

To Labor.

But Man, with growing Wisdom, shirks his
fate,

Considers all restrictions out of date,

Requirements, in his superior eye,

That Progress calls on him to modify;

He deems age-old experience as vain,

And straightway against Nature pits his
brain.

Malignant humors, hitherto unknown,

And subtle ills around his path are strewn,

First, every nostrum in the world he tries,

Then from the doctor to the surgeon flies;

Has everything detachable removed,

And thinks he has on Nature much improved.

With trained research one step behind disease,

And strained finance just short of doctors'
fees.

His body drained, dismantled by the knife,

He tries to nurse the fragments into life;

With trouble manages enough to save,

To drag him slowly to his early grave,

Swift come decay, degeneracy and age,

Till hardier races oust him from the stage.

Yet, as he falls, hear his exultant cry,—

"Great Man o'er Nature scores a Victory.

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

Am I my brother's keeper?

Have I got more than my share?

How did I come to get it?

And,—Why?—If his board is bare;

If wrong,—I want to learn it,

If living in high estate,

While he who helped to earn it,

Has porridge upon his plate.

Then, Am I my brother's keeper?

That I should have to give;

Life is a constant struggle

If a person wants to live;

Not,—Thank the Lord—of muscle,

For in that I am not strong,

'Tis Mind that wins the tussle,—

There my brother gets in wrong.

I would not knock my brother flat,

And rob him like a thief;

—The Law has put a ban on that,

And I should come to grief;

Also,—if force were arbiter,

And strong-arm stuff went free,

I fear I'd be my brother, and

My brother would be me.

Am I My Brother's Keeper ?

But, Brains are now the currency,
And force is out of joint,
With intellectual weapons, I
Am armed at every point;
So, of my brother's earnings, I
Demand and take a toll,
Which keeps my needs increasing, and
Which robs me off a Soul!

Am I my brother's keeper?
Is our argument all wrong?
Why should I claim in Wisdom's name,
What is refused the Strong?
And, Why concede as Cunning's meed,
What Muscle is denied?—
Why should I prey, in any way,
And Law be on my side?

Is Intellect's high mission, now,
The squeezing of the Poor?
Has Conscience lost ambition? and
Does Duty work no more?
As long as means are lawful,
Should I keep all I get?
To doubt it all seems awful, yet—
And Yet—, and Y e t—, and YET!

The Ferry

The morning sun is burning bright,
And fierce,—the air is still,
The little boat lies snug afloat,
Beneath the sheltering hill;
Around a post, with cunning bight,
The rope is twined that holds her tight,
To wait the Captain's will;
While Captain, crew, and Pilot too,
Ingest their noonday fill.

Anon, the sound of wheels is heard,
And sundry startling cries,
When to the side, with stately stride,
The stalwart Captain hies
With bread and butter in his beard,
And business in his eyes.
Now—"All aboard"—and—"Cast her loose"
In tones of stern command;
And Lo! the bow, so fixed but now,
Drifts slowly from the land;
"Toot-toot"—the Pilot hoars the sound,
Reaches the tiller with a bound,
And holds it in his hand.

The Ferry.

No trace of fear the Captain shows,
No unbecoming haste,
His face ne'er blanched as on he launched
Into the watery waste;
Perhaps, his appetite, unlunched,
Such trifling thoughts displaced,
At any rate, he stood and munched,
As though he liked the taste.

The Pilot, too, inscrutable,
Heeds not the water's roar,
His features trim, looked stern and grim,
To suit the burden laid on him,
Yet, head aloft he bore;
His stony glare, with fixed stare,
Glued to the further shore.

'Tis "Starboard" and again 'tis "Port"—
He whirls the wheel around;
Such wonderful dexterity,
Is very seldom found;
So on she rolls, mid deadly shoals,
And nearly runs aground;
That eagle glance, her only chance,
Of landing safe and sound.
That sturdy arm most shield from harm,
Or every soul be drowned.

The Ferry.

And, still the gallant skipper stood,
Without the least constraint,
Amid such apprehensions as
Would make most people faint;
For him,—Alarm has only charm,
His attitude is cool and calm,
His face as fresh as paint.

Incorporate now the last moist crumb,
He slowly licks his lips,
Then wipes his fingers and his thumb,
Upon his greasy hips;
And, to-and-fro does sentry-go,
As captains do in ships;

But,—Why this pause? And what the cause
Of this ill-omened jar?
Why is the bawl that sounds his call,
Louder than others are?
—“Ho! Roll your trousers bottoms up,
And shove her off the bar”.

The Ferry.

The Pilot, when he heard the shout,
Removed his steadfast eye,
And cast an anxious glance about,
To learn the reason why;
Then, one last look, around he took,
On Earth and Sea, and Sky,
And off his number-nines he took,
Prepared to do or die.

Now was the time to heave a sigh,
Perhaps, a tear to shed;
To breathe a prayer that tender care,
Might over him be spread;
Despite the unbelieving sniff,
Of cynics it was said,—
“The pilot may be smothered, if
He stands upon his head;”
Awhile he stopped, then gently dropped,
Into the River bed.

The Ferry.

Can years and ages figure for
Eternal Providence ?

Do lagging moments not ignore
The bating of suspense?

How long he stayed—What progress made—
On disappearing thence,

We know not; but it is no sin

To say he cut no figure in
That awful exigence.

Abortive was the Pilot's strain,
Applied again and yet again.

The Skipper lashed his fertile brain
And no expedient found,

The little groaned in vain,
With melancholy sound;

In vain the little furnace burned,

The paralytic paddle turned,

With frantic energy that churned,
The waters all around;

Till, came Despair, so grim and blank.

For spite of muscle, brain and crank

They still remained aground.

To A Great Unknown

Hail, to the Great Unknown!
Who, now around the Throne,
Receives the honors here below denied;
We do not know his name,
Because the Roll of Fame,
Omits it from the list of deified;
Yet, all the Gods of War,
In all the here-to-fore,
All those whom song and Story have called
"Great",
Those Prophets, Priests and Kings
With whose deeds history rings,
Can not compare with him I celebrate.
If he has cause to blow,
Who only makes to grow,
Two blades of grass where one blade grew
before,
How could we over-rate
The Man who can create,
And out of nothing make a plenteous store.

To a Great Unknown.

Now, having done my best,
To rouse your interest,
By what you may consider is a trick,
Don't put me down a fraud,
Because I mean to laud,
The person that inaugurated "Tick".

And, while you show surprise,
Don't start to criticise,
Until you have gone deeper than a glance,
Just pass in short review,
The wonders Tick can do,
And how it makes the Master of Finance.

It means, without a dime,
I purchase things "On Time",
And thus acquire a value as possessor;
With promises I pay,
And then put off the Day,
Without being viewed in Law as a trans-
gressor.

I climb from height to height,
Till people feel my weight,
Proportionate to debts I cannot pay;
And when I'm dead and gone,
They raise a handsome stone,
My Wisdom and my virtue to display.

To a Great Unknown.

Or, lower down the scale,
Just modify the tale,
With chances or with talents not so great,
I run my handsome face,
In some outlandish place,
And teach the easy tradesmen how to wait.

When every General Store,
My tongue can charm no more,
When creditors begin to think they'll sue,
I seek some other field,
Where Genius will yield,
The influence I know to be its due.

Say Charmer!

Say,—Charmer! with the floppy hat,
Why should my heart go pit-a-pat,
Just as though something in my feed
Had with my stomach disagreed,
But,—when I see you on the street,
My foolish heart begins to beat;
And, when I really need be bold,
Why should I feel my feet grow cold?
Why should the smile of one young girl
Make the whole street begin to whirl?
And, when I would attempt to speak,
Why should my legs and knees get weak?
Why should my lips and tongue get dry?
Why should I fear to meet her eye?
Why should I feel all gone to pot?
Why should I?—or, Why should I not?

For an Album

I need a verse, and cannot find it,
Sharp and terse, with a moral behind it;
Some gem of thought, neatly expressed,
An epigram, perhaps a jest,
Nay, drive!—that my soul abhors,
I will accept, if I find cause,
But now I need them, there appears
A destitution of Ideas;
And though I launch my spirit forth,
It finds no theme of any worth,
So my design, with great disgust,
I here resign because I must.

When I Was Young

When I was young, to Beauty I surrendered,
No reservations limited her sway,
My all, to her desires I humbly tendered,
Her every wish, I heard but to obey.
But now, that voice can stir up no emotion.
That form I now see too much in detail,
The' frills, and pads, the powder, teeth, and
lotion,

In combined effort on my senses fail;
I cannot feel the thrills I once have felt,
For now my heart has sunk beneath my belt.

"She"

She's tall enough, but not a giant,
She's straight enough, and yet she's pliant,
Prudent she is, not yet a prude.
Frank in speech, yet never rude,
Not boisterous, yet always jolly,
Sedate, and yet not melancholy;
Not prim, neither is she a flirt,
She is not slow, she is not pert;
Tho' not averse to graces lent,
She laughs without an accident;
Her skin and hair—a natural crop—
Owe nothing to the chemist's shop;
Easy and well-poised is her port,
Her manner shows she's been well taught,
Her voice is sweet, her speech correct:—
She always says what you expect:—
Now—if this Girl too perfect seems,
And you express a doubt,
Why—she's the Girl I see in dreams,
Which lets me nicely out.

Another Lady

The Poet takes his lyre in hand,
And tunes it to his lay,
His thoughts were fine, his words were grand
And strung in oracular way;
But, polishing his periods, he spoils them at
the close,
By calling fruitful Canada—"Our Lady of the
Snows".

With no idea of covert sneer,
Perhaps, or lofty scorn;
Perchance his lays, with well-turned phrase,
In trying to adorn.—
But, rounding off his verses, he treads upon
the toes,
And earns the gentle curses of "Our Lady of
the Snows".

But, be it so, to us who know,
Our Lady's fertile fields,
Her forests, mines, her fruits and wines,
Her Prairies bounteous yields;
We make no fuss, though for us
To see the sun that glows,
To understand the fiction of "Our Lady of
the Snows".

Another Lady.

And, Winter here is not made drear
As other lands, where fog,
And rain and sleet, make road and street
A hopeless slushy bog;
Their damp and cold that harrow,
And burnish up the nose,
Will never chill the marrow
Of "Our Lady of the Snows".

For here we find the Winter kind,
And furnished with delights,
The bright crisp air, so fresh and fair,
The brilliant moonlit nights;
The brisk sleigh rides, toboggan slides,—
These England never knows,
Except by reading novels on "Our Lady of
The Snows".

If aught could grace Our Lady's face;
Or make her form more fair,
The touch of Winter's magic wand,
Brings all was wanting there;
Decking with crystal lines the band
That binds her flowing hair;
And virgin white becomes her quite
As well as summer wear;
Health and vigor, too, are given,
By every wind that blows,
For she breathes the breath of Heaven—
"Our Lady of the Snows."

An Ancient Capital

There's a little town up west
Where the Battle flows to rest,
And, 'Skatchewan lies ribboned many a mile;
I think 'twould bee as well
If its name I did not tell,
But p'raps you'll recognize it by its style.
It is very, very old,
And from many stories told,
And dates that must undoubtedly be good;
From its easy going gait,
And the price of real estate,
The Place must have been there before the
Flood.

Through the ages, people slept,
While the Sun its Seasons kept,
And "Mene Tekel" showed upon the wall,
If the Prophets's warning cry,
Roused them as the World rushed by,
They surely paid no heed to it at all.
Its inhabitants don't mind,
If they are a bit behind,
While Time in ceaseless waves is rushing past,
They've lived long enough to know,
That if Time must really go,
There's still enough Eternity to last.

The Homesteader's Dream

I hear folks rave, of the dashing wave,
A home on the bounding Sea;
Of the open Range, and the constant change,
The life that is happy and free,
With once in a while, on a Sea-girt Isle,
To go for a jaunt on shore,
Where the bread-fruit grows, and one needs
no clothes,
So a man need'nt work any more,
And, when one sees the mercury freezee,
And ground all covered with snow,
One often longs to join the throngs
That bask in the torments below.

For, I have a nest in the Golden West,
Where a man gets a homestead free,
It is six by nine, and it fits me fine,
My fireless cooker and me.
My 22bore keeps the Wolf from the door,
And I spend the Winter in sleep,
My health is sure, for my blood keeps pure,
By food that is rough and cheap.
A team of bulls my wagon pulls,
My harrow and my plow,
I sow and reap, and never keep,
A chicken, a pig or cow.

The Homesteader's Dream.

And I am free with a liberty
The Sheriff can't curtail,
For the Government seems firmly bent
On keeping me out of jail.
So, I'm afloat in a crazy boat;
With a cargo of unpaid bills,
I freeze or roast, as I slowly coast,
In the Bay of a thousand Ills
But, perish the thought that I won't reach
Port,
When Calder trims the sails,
When Langley's wind blows up behind,
In ever favoring gales;
So, I'll hope to sell, my Homestead well,
As soon as the Government fails;
And I'll seek some land, where the climate's
bland,
And test those traveller's tales.

The Sluggard

There is a man, I've often thought,
Who isn't getting what he ought.

Of goodness out of Life
I mean the confirmed sleepy-head,
The man who won't get out of bed,
Till ousted by his wife.

The glowing glories of the Dawn—
The freshness of the youthful morn,—
The wealth of painted skies,—
The virtues of the morning breeze,
He never knows or never sees,
Because he never tries.

The flowers take on a brighter hue,
The grass is laden down with dew,
Which growing day soon dries;
A thousand wondrous things are there,
Marvels of Earth, or Sky, or Air,
Besides a million Flies.

Numberless ponds of interest
About this pertinaceous pest,
The early riser finds.
They have a most engaging way,
And marked impressiveness display
To most enquiring minds.

The Sluggard.

A vast, mesmeric influence
They seem to exercise,
With odic forces so immense,
That things of vital cosequense
Seem trilling in one's eyes;
One's greatest woes all matter not,
One's brightest hopes are clean forgot,
Yea, Heaven and Earth might go to pot,
And cause one no surprise.

Again.-- How can the sluggard feel
The sense of duty done?
To him the call makes no appeal,
To rise and get the morning meal,
Before the rising Sun;
He never felt the healthful draft,
That sneakes around one's fore-and-aft.--
And thought that it was fun.
He never lit the Winterstove,
And drank its cheerful glow,
He fears all such delights to prove
What can the sluggard know?

O, Canada!

O Canada, Thy bosom is so cold,
All through the land Jack Frost has taken
hold,

So, ere ideas freeze as hard as rocks
Get in some coal, buy overcoat and socks,
Then you can smile at Winter's hardest
knocks..

O Canada! So bracing is thine air,
Merely a whiff would curl the straightest hair,
Thy brisker breezes, bristling with ozone,
Would whisk off whiskers, clean as any bone,
Only it is so dry, they can't be grown.

O Canada! Thy riches are so vast,
From Farm and Forest, Mine and watery
waste;

Largesse for all springs from the teeming
soil,

None are so poor but they may share the
spoil,

Wealth for the brainy, health for those that
toil.

O Canada! Where optimism holds sway,
Where fine financing makes tomorrow pay;
Where great imagination fairly hums,
Living to-day on fancies built in sums;
And hopes to pay some time that never comes.

Visits to a Pusky

(Apologies to Moore)

It's Oh! for the land where the poplar and
willow,

The streams and the sides of the Hills
variegate,

Secure on thy bosom my head I could
pillow,

But, Alas! for the thought, for it strikes me
too late.

It's Oh! for the Land where the Sun's ever
shining,

Except in the night-time, of course, when his
light,

Is eclipsed by the lamps of Dame Nature's
designing,

That blaze in the eyes of thy maidens so
bright.

Visits to a Pusky.

It's Oh! for the Land of the Park and the
prairie,

Thy list of allurements can ever be told;
Where the gleaming Adele, or the sinuous
Marie,

The "Open Sesame" to Paradise hold.
It's Oh! for the land where with drinking
and dancing,

The gay and the careless turn Night into Day.
With Bacchus bewitching and Cupid entranc-
ching,

Thy charms so enthralling what words can
portray?

It's Oh! for the Land where the jig and the
siren,

Seduce the poor stranger and lead him astray.

For the time I went over the Bridge with
Lord Byron,

To visit a "Pusky" will haunt me alway.

And, Alas! for those people who know they
are right,

Who look on all such dissipations with
scorning,

Oh! What would they say if they knew I got
tight,

And did not get home till quite late in the
morning.

Apologies to Lord Byron

There was a sound of jubilee by night,
And all good citizens had gathered then,
With Whiskey and great revelry; and light
The toes be-fiddled were of maids and men;
And every heart beat happily, as might,
When drinking follows dance, then dance
again.

Until a drunken row begins inside the den.

Did ye not hear it?—No, 'twas but the wind.
Or the vainglorious gas of some dead beat,—
On with the dance! Let not a common shind-
Y dissipate the happiness complete,
When jigging music animates the feet;—
But, Hush—Mark! the row begins once more.
Shades of Avernus! 'tis a couple on the floor.

Upon a cushioned seat beside the wall
There sat a young policeman;—He was near
To where the two incapables did fall,—
So shoved them in a corner, having near
Tha anything should stop the festival;
And faster flew the fiddles and the fun,
Which heretofore so tame was, now is well
begun.

Apologies to Lord Byron.

Soon this assemblage, which erstwhile was
gay,

Now, full of spirit is become uproarious;
And scrapping is the order of the day,
Or night; the animation's simply glorious,
The very kids, from bottles filched away,
Have well imbibed; and now the World

censorious

Watching the outfit that—promiscuous—lay,
Must close its eyes, and firmly turn away,
E'er shocked by closing scenes that Puskies
can display.

The Burial of the Plum Pudding.

(Apologies to Wolf)

What a hum was heard. what a ghoulis
 gloat,
As the courses of dinner we hurried.
Not a person objected to empty the pot,
In the grave where the pudding was buried.

We buried it sharply at eight at night.
Appeasing our appetites yearning.
By the ghastly gleam of the kerosene light.
And the Brandy's baleful burning.

No useless coughin' disclosed the breast.
Beneath which a grave we had found it.
But it lay where the worrier dumped it to
 rest

With the meat and potatoes around it.

Few and short were the prayers we said.
But we wished we could appetite borrow.
The larger the corpse was, the greater the
 dread,

When we thought of the sepulchre's morrow

We thought as we made it a cushion of bread,
With turkey and chicken to follow,
How almond and raisins would fall on its head,
And bottled beer fill up the hollow.

The Burial of the Plum Pudding.

Slowly and sadly we laid it down,
With cadences masticatory.
We carved and we dined till the pudding was
gone
And nothing was left but the story.

Hol Wreathe Me—


Hol! Wreathe me bright garlands of roses,
And unwind your beautiful hair,
Take powder to chasten your noses,
And unguents your cheeks to repair.

Now, don your most beautiful dresses,
With loose, flowing lines they must be,
Unbound to the South wind's caresses,
Alluring in simplicity

Go! Open the chest in the Tower
And bring forth my ancestor's lyre
Then straightway to yon sylvan bower,
From dulness and care we'll retire.
The mad, seething crowd left behind us;—
We'll dance to my jazz roundelay,
Or loaf where the crowd cannot find us:—
Let somebody else make the hay.

Ballad of the Belligerent Barman

With apologies to Ruduward Kipling

I'm a Barman—blooming barman,
In Barminster Town,
Just opposite the station
Where the trains go up and down;
Comes the pilgrim, comes the Native,
I am power—they are need,
And I fix them up for business
Whether they want drink or feed.
 When Drake went up for a horn,—
 (Why didn't he stay with it?)
 Our Lodge—our Lodge was born,
And Thirst has made the Barman's trade,
 (I'm going to stay with it,) 
Which never shall close again,
 By day nor yet by night,
For tho' the door is closed at ten,
Upstairs we open up again,
 You bet I'm there alright.

Ballad of the Belligerent Barman.

I might count my dead in a thousand years,
If I wanted to do it and tried;

Brandies and Whiskies, Gins and Beers,
I know how each soldier died.

For I start at the head and when they are
bled,

I lay them away outside;—

So,—Here's a health my hearties,
All round we'll take a pull,—

So, if Booze be the price of proficiency,
Lord God, I ha' paid in full.

There's never a train comes Eastward now,
But some one has to bleed;

There's never a train comes West, I vow,
But some poor Spirit is freed;

I pass 'em the best in my medicine chest,
And they hand over the tin,—

So, if Booze be the price of proficiency,
Lord God, I ha' poured it in.

For a thousand years I could make corks fly,
If the bucket I did not kick,

The weather for me will never seem dry,
If I am therē with a "stick",

As it was in dear old Barminster,
'Neath the incandescent's glare;

For, if Booze be the price of proficiency

If Booze be the price of proficiency—

If Booze be the price of proficiency,

Lord God, I ha' bought it fair.

Sunset

Day sets on Battle's wooded steep.
And on the Prairie lone;
On Prospects long since lulled to sleep.
Where Faith and Hope lie buried deep;
Softly and slow the shadows creep,
To show that day is done.

Day sets; and if 'tis Summer time.
Would step to shed a tear -
In memory of the many schemes,
That turned from realities to dreams
So pleasurable, tho' dear,
Just one, for many tears would spoil the day,
And wash our precious memories away.

Day sets.—Oh yes! On Bleeder's store,
It hates to do it though.
Rather the sun should backward run
To lighten such a show;
Those silent salesmen at the door,
Insist each time more than before
As crowds pass to-and-fro.
On demonstrating to the passers by,
That salesmen, when they hang, they do
not lie.

Sunset

Day sets,—Yes! sets on real estate.

That once raised hopes so high;

When, suddenly, the bubble burst,

And vanished like a thing accurst

Just as it reached the sky.

The day has gone, but nothing ever dies,

And in due time the Sun again will rise.

The Grey Stone Jar

Who's our latest immigrant?

The Grey Stone Jar.

Just the very one we want;

The Grey Stone Jar.

Seems to find a welcome too,

Happy homes and lots to do.

Hope his presence none will rue,

The Grey Stone Jar.

Everybody knows his face.

The Grey Stone Jar,

Finds his way to every place,

The Grey Stone Jar.

Governmental guaranteed.

He's a neighbour people need,

Everywhere he takes the lead,

The Grey Stone Jar.

The Home-Town Grand Old Man

Beside a spreading Maple tree.
A little homestead stands,
The house is modest as can be,
The tree is fourteen hands;
Abutting on a busy street.
Both house and tree would seem to meet
Its occupants demands.
The homestead makes a small pretence
As any homestead can,
And yet it is the residence.
Of the Home-Town Grand Old Man.

Small sign to gauge his tale of years.
The curious can detect,
But he is older than appears,
Or than one would suspect
Who hears him talk, and marks his walk,
So brisk and so erect.
A shining poll, a mustache grey,
Complexion tinged with tan.
Make up the form I would portray,
Our Home-Town Grand Old Man.

The Home-Town Grand Old Man.

Why is the wholesome, here below.

So woefully maligned

The mustard plaster that all know,

The stripes our guardians would bestow,

Had virtues well defined.

The salutary has no show.

Progress has made us blind,

'Tis now, and always, was the case,

Since first the world began,

All which enables you to place,

Our Home-Town Grand Old Man.

Full of opinions, well defined,

Convictions very strong,

He sets out to convert mankind,

Besause mankind is wrong.

A momentary twinge of pain -

Must be inflicted, but the gain,

Will be both great and long;

So when inclined our wounds to bind,

All pity he must ban,

He must be cruel to be kind,

Our Home-Town Grand Old Man.

The Home-Town Grand Old Man.

A plaster on the Public's chest,
A dose of Liver Pills,
Each function by each cure possessed,
Our Public Mentor fills;
Where we feel perfectly at ease,
He points the ravage of disease,
And gives us spinal chills,
Our noxious humours he would cure
By his own special Plan
Not rice, perhaps, but very sure
Our Home-Town Grand Old Man.

The Hot-water Bottle

I crave your attention,
A moment to mention,
A subject that has not been noticed before;
This woeful omission,
Perhaps not intended,
By late recognition,
May haply be mended,
For certainly nothing deserves credit more.

'Tis nothing romantic,
To drive readers frantic,
No head will be turned and no tears will be
shed;

The theme now selected
To trim with my pencil,
Is that long neglected,
And homely utensil,—
The Hot-water bottle we put in the bed.

To you who've not tried it,
And never applied it,
To feet that were cold as the feet of the dead;
When sheets chill as metal
Cold furnish your billet
Just boil the old kettle,
And carefully fill it
The Hot-water-bottle, and warm up the bed.

The Hot-Water Bottle.

Its loss would be tragic,
To those whom is magic
Brings confident thoughts as their garments
they shed;

The comforting feeling
So quick to pervade them
As slumber comes stealing,
'Twere hard to persuade them
To give up the bottle,

The common-place bottle,
The Hot-water-bottle that warms up the Bed.

Vain words and loose phrases,
Could ne'er fill its praises,
For something would always remain to be
said,

Nor could figures number
Those virtues that cheer me,
And lead me to slumber
Whenever is near me

That comforting, ready,

Reliable bottle,
The Hot-water-bottle that warms up the bed.

The Windbag

Why do we call those Great,
Who merely can orate,
And haven't got a single thing behind,
They talk both loud and long,
With voices clear and strong,
But what we take for wisdom is but wind.
No accident of birth,
And no intrinsic worth,
No cunning with the Pen or with the Sword;
No Brav'ry, Size, nor Length,
No Wisdom, Wit, nor Strength,
Can ever hope to cope with Spoken Word
Push takes the second place
In this unseemly race,
This constant striving to be Really Great.
With Push and Gab combined,
Their owner should be fined,
Or placed behind the bars to meditate.
There ought to be a Law
Against this kind of Bore
With Mussolini's hand to stay a riot;
Or, Solomon the Great
Might know how to deflate
These pests, and muzzle them to keep them
quiet.

The Leap-Year's Ball

There's a ruling of the Sages,
Handed down throughout the ages
Since the time of Adam's fall,
Whereby all the hopeless cases,
Maids with homely forms and faces,
Maids whose charms begin to pall,
Now may hold in their embraces
Any man they choose to call;
What they cannot do with graces
Any maid may do with gall,
And the men must show their paces
At a Leap-year's Ball.

The Leap-Year's Ball.

Three years men might bow to Beauty,
Every fourth they owe to Duty,
Which commands but can't enthrall;
All those men who shirk decision,
It is painly woman's mission
To pursue until they fall;
With this laudable ambition,
Straightway form a coalition,
Girls and maids and wives and all;
Music, supper in addition,
Just beyond the dancing hall
Thus the feminine magician
Soon completes Man's inanition,
Till an easy prey they fall;
Mesmerised to the condition
Of unqualified submission,
Hymen shortly crowns it all,
Followed by—perhaps contrition
Perhaps now and then a quar'l
All resulting from the fishin'
At a Leap-Year's Ball.

The Lay of the Gay Saloon

His clothes all tattered and torn,
His eyes both fishy and red,
With beard unkempt and hair unshorn,
And a heart that was heavy as lead,
A man in a bar-room sat forlorn,
And a jingle ran through his head;
His voice was thick, and his words would
stick,

But this is what he said:—

“Oh! Why is it poets delight,
In sonnets to Love and the moon?
Let them say on such things what they might.
They are themes that must pall very soon.
So, in order to set this thing right,
My subject, I crave as a boon,
Shall be a new thing, so list while I sing.
The Song of the gay Saloon:

Drink! Drink! Drink!

A drink can do you no harm!

Drink! Drink! Drink!

When cold it will make you warm;

A drink will cool you off,

Your heated feelings will calm;

At a moderate horn, the man is unborn

That need feel the slightest alarm.

The Lay of the Gay Saloon.

Drink! Drink! Drink!
At morning, noon and night,
Drink! Drink! Drink!
For a dram will set you right;
A hair of the dog that bit
Will cure that same dog's bite,
And a noon-day cup will brace you up
And give you an appetite.

Drink! Drink! Drink!
Til the brain begins to swim;
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim;
Till the palsied tongue and hand,
And unresponsive limb,
No longer have wants, but the stomach still
pants,
Because it's not filled to the brim.

Drink! Drink! Drink!
With a never-ending crave,
Until one begins to think
A man with a soul to save
Along with the barbarous Turk
Had better be a slave;
The unceasing grind of work he might find,
But never a drunkard's grave.

The Lay of the Gay Saloon.

Not that I fear the grave,
I have no reason to care;
My bed's gone down my throat,
I've drunk my last table and chair;
And my nose is so red that I entertain dread
Of burning my upper lip bare.

My only trouble is thirst;
Of that I have more than my share;
I feel like being accurst
My looks make everyone stare;
My form is so lean and spare
That a shadow so lank the wall would thank
For showing it fatter there.

If it's true that the Devils of Hell
Are tempting the world to Sin,
The Demon of Drink knows well
What Imp brings the most Souls in
And, who can the end foretell
Tho' the point of the wedge is thin
Who wishes the forces of Satan to swell
To drink has but to begin;
For men are but fools, and the Devil's best
tools,
Are whiskey, brandy and gin.

The Lay of the Gay Saloon.

For surely relations near,
Perhaps it's mothers or wives—
Fathers or sisters or children dear—
But some dependent lives—
Whom every glass of beer,
Or whiskey or wine deprives
Of clothing or food, for it's well understood
That drinking the thirst but revives.

Drink! Drink! Drink!

Only one drink at a time—
Tis hard for a Youth to think
He may be a slave in his prime
To a horrible habit that once made him shrink
And the habit may prove an unbreakable link
In a chain of Vice and Crime
That his life may be brought to Eternity's
brink.

And his Soul to the bottomless pit shall sink
When his last sad hour shall chime.

The Lay of the Gay Saloon.

Would I might only stand,
On the threshold of life again!
With a fresh and vigorous hand
And a calm unclouded brain;
Proud of the Great Maker's brand.
His image I'd try to retain
Unsullied, till at his command
It crumbled to dust again
The strong overwhelming demand
Of the Drunkard I'd never attain
For the first little nip should ne'er pass my lip
And all Satan's tempting were vain.

